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ADDRESS

OF THE

Honorable Abram P. Maury,

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HUGH LAWSON WHITE.

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ADDRESS

The occasion which has brought us here to day is one of melancholy interest. A chief pillar of the Republic has been struck down by the mighty arm of death. Hugh L. White is no more! The place which he so worthily filled among the sons of men is vacated, and vacated forever. From a denizen of time, he has become an inhabitant of Eternity. That brain, "the dome of thought, the palace of the soul," heretofore occupied, with such ceaseless activity, in devising plans for the melioration of his kind, for the preservation in their purity of his country's institutions, is tenantless and deserted. That heart replete with every kindly feeling, every generous emotion—which ever throbbed vigorous responses to the calls of duty and of patriotism, that noble heart is still and cold and pulseless in the tomb. Those lips, touched with etherial fire; from which were wont to flow, as from a fountain, the maxims of wisdom, and the precepts of experience, are sealed and hushed in the silence of death. On us, O! never more on us, shall beam the light of that countenance, in which were beautifully mingled the hues of benignity and intelligence.

And is the announcement true? Is he no more indeed? All of him that is perishable; the fleshly tabernacle; the outward visible incarnation of the inward invisible spirit, has indeed departed from among us. But the spirit, itself, survives—survives to awaken, to enkindle, to ennoble. Its flashes illuminate the gloom of the present, and will penetrate far, far into the darkness of the future.

And, indeed, Death can achieve no triumph, permanent and decisive, over the great and good. They whose acts have been one unbroken series of benefactions to their species, are not of the things that pass away. They live in the beauty of their example. They exist in the grateful remembrance of their contemporaries. Tradition takes up and repeats the story of their worth to succeeding generations. Their memories are embalmed in song, and cenotaphed in history. The silence of sylvan solitudes yields place to whispers of their renown. The vallies chant their praises with the voice of all their waters. The mountain echoes reverberate the grateful theme.

In the eye of Postivity, a nation exists but in its master spirits: in the deeds which they perform; in the structures which they erect; in the institutions which they mould; in the monuments, which they transmit, of their quickening influence over inert and lethargic masses of their fellow men; in the useful truths and pregnant principles, which they discover and apply; in the rich treasures with which they return freighted from incursions into the regions of science; in the manifold literature which embodies and displays the conceptions of their genius.

What know we of the history of those barbarian masses of mankind, who, since the creation of the world, have embraced within their limits much the larger portion of its surface, but that, in obedience to the laws which govern alike the animal and vegetable kingdoms, they have lived and died, disappeared and been replaced, by the continually recurring processes of dissolution and reproduction? What know we of Tyre and Sidon, whose merchants are said, in Holy Writ, to have assumed the port and majesty of Princes? Of

Carthage, a kindred city, except of that portion of her history, reclaimed from oblivion by the genius and achievements of Hannibal?

On the other hand, who, with heart and eyes, can walk the place where Greece once was, and not feel that, at each step of his progress, he treads on Time's most sacred wealth, Heroic Dust? Who can stand where Athens stood, and not be reminded of her master minds? Of Aristides the Just--of Socrates, pronounced by the Delphic Oracle, the wisest of mankind--of Solon and of Pericles, those law givers who swayed the fierce democracy of that turbulent but intellectual people--of Plato, from whose lips the bees of Mount Hymettus were said to have purloined their sweets,---of Demosthenes, the patriot orator, who 'fulminated over Greece'?

Who can survey the wrecks of that colossal city, miscalled Eternal, without imagining that he sees, looming through the dim vista of the past, and moving in shadowy procession before him, the forms of her Patriots, her Sages, and her Heroes? Who can stand within the precincts of her Forum, and not recall a thousand years of intellectual strife and contest, of which it was the Arena! and not feel, feel to the rising bosom's inmost core, that "still the eloquent air, *breathes, burns with Cicero*"?

Who can fix his regards on England, the Ocean Queen, seated in the midst of a world of waters, which bear to her shores the contributions of every clime, without attributing her prosperity and renown, to the influence, mainly, of that mighty constellation of minds with which her history is starr'd? It was in England, that

Shakespeare, Nature's sweetest child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild!

It was on England that the Epic Muse, refreshed by the slumber of ages, from Milton's lips, poured the full tide of poetical inspiration. It was there that Newton sat, in isolated and unapproachable grandeur, on the throne of science. That Bacon fabricated and applied the master key which unlocked the Arcana of nature. That Herschell enlarged the boundaries of astronomical knowledge, and "gave the lyre of Heaven another string." That Chatham, for a time, held the destinies of Christendom in his thunder wielding hands.

Coming to our own shores, what American citizen can review the history of his country, brief in point of time as it necessarily is, without proudly saying to himself "this is my own, my native land"! Or can trace the career of him,

"The Forest born Demosthenes
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas,"

Or of him, of whom it was said that he snatched from the storm-cloud its thunder bolt, and from tyranny its sceptre, without exulting in the consciousness,

"That *Henry's* language is his mother tongue,
And *Franklin's* name compatriot with his own."

Who can stand upon the grave of *Washington*, "and deem himself a slave"!

Such being the influence of great minds, not on their own age only, but on all succeeding ages, every custom or observance which tends to widen, and deepen, and extend that influence, should be cherished and kept alive. And here it may be observed, that high moral qualities, useful civic virtues, are not less entitled to our homage, than brilliant intellectual endowments. Susceptible of more universal application, wider and more all comprehending in their range, coming home as they do to every pursuit and condition of life, they challenge, in fact, a larger portion of regard.

Among the distinguished men to whom, for the benefit of the species, terrestrial existence has been vouchsafed, the patriot and statesman whose lamented fate we this day deplore, occupies an enviable and elevated rank.— And it is a source of regret that the task of portraying his character had not been assigned to a worthier instrument; to one more fully conversant with his early history, and domestic habits—whose acquaintance, more intimate in its nature, and extending farther back into the past, would have enabled him to present, not its marked outlines, only, but those minute touches; those fugitive graces; those nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love, which would give fullness, and consistency, and completion to the portraiture.

Hugh L. White was born in 1773, in the county of Fredell and state of North Carolina. Transplanted, at an early age, with the family of his father, to that portion of this state now East Tennessee, but then a howling wilderness, his youth was passed in the solitudes of nature; amidst her lofty mountains, and primeval forests; in the vicinity of savage tribes of Indians. It was amidst scenes and associations such as these, that his youthful mind was nurtured. It was in a country, in all save her glaciers, the Switzerland of America, that he inhaled the mountain air of liberty: that his naturally delicate frame acquired the firm consistency, and capacity of endurance, which it ever afterwards retained. In the labors of the forest, and of the field—in felling the one, and upturning the virgin bosom of the other to the sun, he largely participated. With his neighbors and friends, many of whom had fought at King's mountain, and on other battle fields of the revolution, he shared in those conflicts with savage tribes incident to a border settlement, with which the early history of the West is rife. Young as he was, with the axe or the plough handle in one hand, and the rifle in the other, he was ever prepared to sustain his double character of citizen, and of soldier.

Thus circumstanced and surrounded, it will readily be imagined, that he was accustomed to hardships and privations; enured to habits of industry; familiar with scenes of excitement and of peril; that the severe and simple virtues were the inmates of his dwelling, cheered him in his manifold labors, accompanied him in his lonely rambles, and attended him in his intercourse with society. It was thus, probably, that his mind acquired the healthful tone, elastic vigor, and aptitude for practical pursuits, which in after life, enabled him to fill, with such distinguished usefulness, the various and important stations to which he was preferred. In a border community, shut out from the universe, as it were, by circling forests, the abode of savages and wild beasts, the ties and sympathies which originate in a sense of mutual dependance, and in the deep consciousness of common danger, multiply and extend themselves, and knit together its various members in the bonds of brotherhood. From this as well, perhaps, as from an innate source, proceeded that warm and diffusive philanthropy, which, on every object calculated to call it forth, was wont to pour out from his heart as from an urn.

In consequence of the straightened circumstances of his father, (a man, by the way, of singular probity and piety) and of his distance from the higher seminaries of learning, his early education was necessarily defective. But it is evident that the opportunities which he enjoyed, few and inadequate as they might have been, were sedulously improved. His mind was a school unto itself. It possessed, in an eminent degree, those chemical properties which extract food and nourishment from every object on which it acts—decomposing, assimilating, and distributing in appropriate channels through the mental system its component elements. We learn, however, that, by the generous ad-

vances of a brother-in-law (Col. McClung) he was enabled to devote a winter in Philadelphia to the study of mathematics, and to acquire the rudiments of the law, under the supervision of James Hopkins Esq. of Lancaster Penn., reputed able in his profession. In 1793 he returned to Tennessee, and commenced the practice of the law at Knoxville.

In 1801, at twenty eight years of age, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme court, which station he resigned in 1807. In 1808 he was made Attorney of the United States for the district of Tennessee; and, in the following year, elected to the Senate of the state Legislature. On the remodelling of the Judiciary, which was accomplished in 1809, he was again advanced to the Supreme bench; the duties of which station he continued to discharge till 1815, when he resigned, and accepted the presidency of the Bank of Tennessee. In 1817 he served another session in the Senate of the State Legislature. In 1820 he received from President Monroe, the appointment of commissioner for the adjudication of claims under the treaty of the previous year with Spain. In 1825 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, in which body he was continued, by successive re-elections, till the period of his resignation in February last. On the resignation of the Vice Presidency by Mr. Calhoun he was elected to succeed him as presiding officer of the Senate. This bare enumeration of the many stations which he filled attests the variety and importance of the trusts committed to his charge.

As a lawyer he was laborious in the preparation, and skilful in the management, of causes. His diligence and application were only bounded by the limits of the subject to be investigated. In his forensic efforts, and Judicial opinions, he was clear in the statement of facts, and forcible and felicitous in the application of principles. He seized upon the strong points of his case, and wielded them with a power of logic which carried conviction to the understanding. His thoughts were conveyed through a transparent medium of plain, concise, perspicuous, language. This clearness of expression, united with great exactness of arrangement, gave a beautiful simplicity to all the productions, oral or written, of his mind. The weapons with which he wrought being ideas and facts, not images and illusions, he made no excursions into the realms of imagination. His illustrations were all drawn from obvious and practical sources, such as come home to the bosoms and business of men. These characteristic features of his mind, united with eminent personal and moral qualities, acquired for him an extensive practice and a high reputation. And it is no disparagement to his legal brethren, several of whom have figured in the councils of the state and of the union, to say, that, within the sphere of their mutual practice, he was indisputably at the head of the profession. Such was the commanding nature of his talents, that, in a country where rivalry appears to be not so much a casual incident, as an essential element of public life, his numerous official honors were bestowed upon him spontaneously, and without competition.

Judge White, it has been seen, was advanced to the Supreme bench at the early age of twenty eight. As a testimony of contemporaneous estimation, it speaks in no equivocal language. For that court, at all times the most important Judicial tribunal in the state, requires for the proper discharge of its functions, faculties and endowments of no common order. But, at this time, its duties were especially and transcendently important. Tennessee had been recently admitted into the union as an independant State. Her constitution had just been formed. Laws were being enacted, conformable to its position, and suitable to the genius and peculiar circumstances of her

population. It was the province of the Judiciary, especially of its tribunal of last resort, to settle the construction of that constitution, and of those laws—to protect the former from the inadvertent inroads of Legislation—to explain and reconcile the dubious meanings, and often incompatible provisions of the latter, framed, as they frequently were, by incompetent and unprofessional hands: to fix, in short, the land marks of precedent upon the heights of Jurisprudence. It is to be regretted, that more full reports of the decisions of this court, have not come down to us. The main principles, it is true, have been preserved; the skeletons have, indeed, been transmitted; but without the flesh and blood, the rounded contour and breathing lineaments which give body and animation to the living form. Enough, however, exists in recorded sketches, and in the recollection of surviving contemporaries, to establish the Judicial reputation of White on a foundation as enviable as it is permanent and indestructible. Young as he was, and important as were his functions, he imparted more lustre to the station, than it reflected dignity on him.

His talents for finance were not less remarkably exemplified, than his legal attainments and qualifications. As President of the Bank of Tennessee, he evinced a thorough knowledge of the principles of banking. Its affairs were conducted with a prudence and wisdom, which preserved it in a condition of uniform usefulness and prosperity. Watchfully observing the course of trade, and sedulously restraining the expansions and contractions of the institution within prescribed limits, he maintained the credit of its paper, and mitigated the action of those commercial revulsions to which the country was occasionally subject. In times of greatest pressure on the money market, it derived an ample support from the sterling bullion of his character. These remarks are particularly applicable to the mother bank at Knoxville, which was more immediately under his supervision.

In the commission for the adjudication of Spanish claims, he was associated with an eminent citizen of Maine, and a Virginian, the pride and boast of his own state, and renowned for his ripe scholarship, legal attainments, and unrivalled forensic powers. In business habits, in patient and searching investigation, in the profound knowledge and felicitous application of legal principles, and in the dexterity and power with which he simplified the complications, and unravelled the entanglements, of testimony, Judge White was universally admitted to have equalled—if not surpassed—his gifted colleagues. Henceforth he enjoyed a national reputation, which received large accessions from the contributions of each succeeding year.

In the discharge of his Legislative duties, he was laborious and exemplary. Regular in attendance on the Senate, he was punctual to the appointed time of meeting, and uniformly remained at his post till the hour of adjournment. During those protracted sessions, which sometimes reach far into the night, he sat in his chair the personification of listening Patience, regardless, alike, of the importunities of hunger, and the languors of exhaustion. He was equally punctual in his attendance on committees. As Chairman, particularly, of the committee on Indian affairs, his labors were assiduous and unremitting. For many years the main burthen of our Indian relations—at least so far as they depended on the action, legislative and executive, of the Senate—devolved on him. These were, not infrequently, complicated with questions of the gravest and most delicate character—threatening, at one time, the integrity of the union itself. These questions grew, partly, out of the equivocal nature of the relations between savage and civilized communities, and

partly from the conflicting claims to jurisdiction over the Indian tribes, advanced by the authorities of the states in whose limits they were embraced, and of the general government. That the controversies, thus arising, were finally and satisfactorily adjusted, is mainly attributable to the prudent tact, the cool judgement, and the enlightened exertions of Judge White. His various reports and speeches on the subject, preserved in the archives of the country, will ever remain enduring monuments of his fame.

Judge White did not often engage in the debates of the Senate, on subjects not embraced within the sphere of his special duties. But when he did so, it was always with effect. He invariably advanced new arguments, or presented old ones in a stronger point of view. In his manner, he was earnest, dignified, and imposing;—in his diction, clear, nervous, and unadorned;—in his illustrations, striking, pertinent, and practical. An engaging candor, an ingenuous simplicity, shone conspicuously in all his parliamentary effusions.—His thoughts were arranged with method and exactness, and came forth each in its appropriate place. He was rather distinguished for justness of views, and strength of judgment, and cogency of reasoning, than for those brilliant intellectual flashes which sometimes dazzle and bewilder, more than they enlighten and instruct. His mind may be said to have been eminently *vertical*; shining on each side of a subject with equal ray, and casting no shadows in which Error might nestle undiscovered.

The politics of Judge White were decidedly Republican. He had imbibed them in their purity, and at their source, in the great school of '98. He embraced them in the sincerity, and adhered to them with the constancy, which belonged to his character. He was strict in the rules of construction which he applied to the federal constitution, and jealous of the encroachments of the general government on the reserved rights of the states. Inimical to the increase of executive power, and opposed to the extension of executive patronage, he was uniform in the support of measures designed to restrain the excesses of the one, and lop the excrescences of the other. He was the advocate of a cheap and simple government, moderate in its revenues, economical in its expenditures, & stern in its enforcement of accountability on disbursing officers. He was opposed to the removal, by the president, of competent & faithful public agents, for non-conformity, on their part, with his peculiar views of policy. At the same time, he thought it the duty of the latter to abstain from active interference in elections, involving the continuance in power of the administration for the time being. The right of instruction, he acknowledged to be an essential element of constituent power. It was not in him a cold and lifeless abstraction, but a warm and active energy, informing and regulating his official conduct. Conformity with the will of his constituents, when compatible with principle, was the first wish of his heart—their approbation the highest reward of his ambition.

As a politician his character is a model for imitation. A beautiful consistency reigns through all its parts. Slow in forming his opinions, he avowed them openly, and adhered to them with manly firmness. He was as cautious and circumspect in action, as he was candid and sincere in profession. He disdained that ambiguity in expression, and that shuffling duplicity in conduct which "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the sense." His reliability, therefore was perfect—his position definite and unequivocal to friend and foe. Conscientiousness was ingrained into the very essence of his moral being. No functionary ever construed the duties and obligations of his station more liberally in favor of the public, or more strictly against him-

self. Nor was he less deficient in the stern virtue of fortitude. His mind was under that thorough discipline that he could control its wildest moods, and direct his thoughts, with resistless power, into the channel of his will.— One instance of this powerful self-control, allow me to relate. On the morning of the day on which, by the special assignment of his friends, he was to defend an important measure then pending in the Senate, and which imperatively enjoined immediate action, he received information of the death of a favorite daughter, almost the sole relict of a numerous progeny. One brief hour, he devoted to the indulgence of his agonized feelings. Then merging the father in the Patriot, and endueing his soul in that armour of fortitude which sorrow had rendered so woefully familiar, he made one of his ablest and most successful parliamentary efforts.

The harmony of opinion on political subjects which so long existed between the people of Tennessee and himself, constituted the felicity of his laborious, extended, and useful career. And when that harmony was *apparently* interrupted—when a body, intermediate between him and the people, unexpectedly, I am sure, to the latter, passed resolutions of instruction to which he could not conform, without a sacrifice of self respect, and an abandonment of long cherished opinions, he resigned, in a manner at once touching and august, the high trust committed to his charge, and retired forever, as he but too truly predicted, from the councils of his country. The circumstances attending and following that resignation; the solemn stillness that reigned on the crowded floor, and in the thronged galleries, of the Senate; the breathless attention with which the rapt auditory hung listening on his lips; the mingled emotions of admiration and regret which heaved the universal heart when his last dying accents trembled into silence, a silence never more by him to be awakened within those walls, these affecting details of the exit from public life of one of its brightest ornaments, have all been spread before the country. The letter which accompanied the act of resignation, is likewise before you; and its profound views, and irrefutable principles, and momentous truths, are engraved on your minds, I trust, in characters coexistent with the tablets on which they are inscribed.

The standing of Judge White with the Senate, without respect to party distinctions, was enviably and deservedly high. His correct deportment, and gentlemanly bearing, and courtesy of manners, and kindness of heart, had as much endeared him to its members in his character of man, as his practical business habits, his intimate knowledge of affairs, his ripened judgement and enlarged experience, had recommended him as a statesman. A practical evidence of this high appreciation, is to be found in the unanimity with which he was advanced to the presidency of the Senate, when vacated by Mr. Calhoun; the duties of which station he discharged with an ability, a dignity, and an impartiality, which placed him, if possible, on ground still more elevated. And it is doubtless true, as was said by him on a festival occasion, gotten up in his honor, and attended by the most distinguished men of our country, that if the question of his continuance in office, had been submitted to the decision of his political opponents in that body, it would have been carried in the affirmative by acclamation.

It was my fortune to have formed one of a mess with Judge White, during several sessions of Congress. There are recollections, connected with the association, to which I cannot but recur with melancholy pleasure. The figures of others, too, grow into definite proportions on the canvass. There was a young Virginian, whose rising reputation, Fame was, even then, proclaim-

ing with trumpet tones. On an inspection, the most casual, of his head and face, the Phrenologist and the Physiognomist, would, alike, have pronounced him a decided character. Both were large, strongly marked, and well defined. His forehead broadening from his temples upwards, his mouth expressive of energy and decision, his eye full of vivacity and fire. His good nature was invariable, his simplicity of manners child-like. His conversation agreeable, perennial, and sparkling. At the social board, in his hours of relaxation from intense study, his animal spirits, as if impatient of previous restraint, would explode in joyous bursts of merriment,—break forth in frolicksome gambols. There, likewise, was a youthful Tennessean, of graceful figure, and commanding aspect; of lion heart, and eagle eye. His every limb and feature instinct with native courtesy. His flexible countenance varying with each impulse of his mind. His keen perception of the ridiculous; his ringing laugh, and catching mirth; his fund of humor, and power of anecdote; his natural delivery so admirably suiting the action to the word, made him the delight of his associates, and often ‘set the table in a roar.’ Of political life, these two were not inaptly termed the Siamese twins. Here, however, I speak not of them in their public relations, but only as cherished members of our mess. There were, besides, men of worth and intelligence, and distinguishing excellencies of character, whose social qualities contributed to enliven and adorn our little circle. And there were others, of a different sex, whose retiring natures might shrink, with instinctive delicacy, from public notice.—Their forms occupy a select position on my canvass, but their distinctive features, I may not portray.

In the centre of this circle, holding it together by his attractive power, might be seen the venerable form, and patriarchal face, of Hugh L. White. His dignity blended with mildness, served not so much to check, as to restrain within legitimate bounds, the flow of our festivity. His Legislative duties over, he loved to unbend himself in the social intercourse of the parlor. No man brought to our evening *reunions* a stronger disposition to please, and to be pleased: none contributed more fully to the genial current of discourse. Unaffectedly polite, he evinced in his manners that uniform good breeding, which may be polished, indeed, by conventional forms, but which has its source in native goodness of heart. Hence the rare quality which he possessed, of listening with attention to the remarks of others, however little recommended by intrinsic interest. Possessing an innate modesty of disposition, he was by no means ambitious of leading in discourse, or of suggesting its topics. He never sought to engross the conversation, as men distinguished rather than truly distinguishable often do, by loudness of tone, or perseverance in colloquial effort. He was one of the most unassuming of men: never exacting observances from others; never presuming on his age, station or reputation; never attempting to enforce his own convictions by importunity or dictation. To bear and to forbear, were the guiding principles of his conduct. His colloquial powers were of a high order—his conversation as instructive as it was entertaining. It abounded in striking views, and sagacious reflections on men and things—on the motives of human action, and the conduct of human affairs. These hoarded treasures of wisdom and experience, he would pour forth in a copious stream of unpremeditated language, and, apparently, with the most perfect unconsciousness of the depth of the sources whence they proceeded.

When I recall the scenes—with all their dependant throng of associations—whose outlines I have thus endeavored to depict: when I reflect on the sepa-

ration, final, and beyond the power of reassemblage on earth, of the actors in them, which a few brief years have effected; that four of them can no more be numbered among the living; that of those still existing, no two of them remain together, but are scattered hundreds of miles apart, over the wide extent of our country, "it raises a whirlwind of emotions in my breast, which only he who rides upon the whirlwind can give utterance to express." It forcibly reminds me of those trite maxims, trite because they are true, and because forced upon us by daily observation, which inculcate the fugitive and transitory nature of temporal affairs—which teach that life, with little of the splendor, has all the vicissitudes of the Kaleidoscope revolving between the orbs of vision and of light.

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt night and morn, on the horizon's verge;
 How little do we know what things we are!
 How less what we may be! The eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles; as the old break, new emerge
 Lashed from the foam of ages. While the graves
 Of Empire heave but as some passing waves."

It will be recollected that about the time of which I have been speaking, the name of Judge White was before the American people for the chief magistracy of the Union. It had been placed in that position without any, even the most remote, agency on his part: and conforming to the maxim which had regulated his whole public life, he did not feel himself authorized, under the circumstances, to withhold its use. As a politician, it was emphatically true of him, that "all the ends he aimed at were his country's," and it was not for him to indicate the station in which his talents might be most usefully exerted. His name being thus inseparably interwoven with great issues, involving so deeply his own personal prospects, and most cherished principles, it is natural to suppose that he could not have been indifferent to the result—that the feelings of the man, and the patriotism of the statesman, must have been strongly aroused. Yet he made, or authorized to be made, no overtures for coalition, with parties hitherto holding adverse relations towards him. He stipulated for a compromise with no antagonist principles or pretensions. He condescended to no degrading compliances, no obsequious observances, to soften the opposition, or conciliate the support of previous political friends. For the motives which should govern their course, he remitted them all to the tribunal of conscience—to their own unbiassed sense of what was due to the country and its institutions. No instance is recollected, of his introducing in conversation the subject of the election, or of his indulging in speculations of its progress and probable result. He seemed to consider the contest as alien to himself, and with patient equanimity, referred its decision to the free choice of his fellow citizens at large. Evincing, throughout, an abnegation of self, as rare and difficult in point of practice, as it is elevated and sublime in point of principle.

Had it been his destiny to have filled the Presidential chair, to which, but for the unlooked for exertion of powerful extraneous influences he would probably have attained, he might not have sought to render his administration illustrious, by innovations introduced; by institutions overthrown; by experiments boldly, rather than wisely, hazarded; but he would have discharged its duties in the spirit which presided over the institution of the executive department. Moderation and wisdom would have reigned in his councils. Method, & fidelity, and industry been introduced into the administration of affairs: And the prosperity of the country placed on the firm foundation of order & the Laws.

The predominant feature of Judge White's mind was his sound, strong practical judgment. Good sense, like an artery, ramified his entire intellectual conformation, and richly imbued all the works of his hands, and the productions of his mind. This quality, though not so dazzling to the observer—not so lightning-like in its manifestations, as that other quality called genius, is infinitely more conservative in its tendencies and effects. Genius may immortalize an individual, but good sense conduces to the safety of nations.—The one may reflect glory upon Empire, but the other can alone ensure its repose and its duration. Good sense is philanthropic in its feelings, beneficent in its actions, disinterested in its exertions, national in its objects of pursuit, and bases its fame on the stable foundations of the public prosperity. Genius is selfish in its aims, insatiable in its attainments, and despotic in its exactions. Its wrongs and enmities, are the wrongs and enmities of the State. In its own estimation, it is the State itself. To gratify the predominant passion for the time being, it dissolves old friendships, coalesces with ancient enmities, and tramples under foot, facts, and principles, and institutions, without hesitation, and without remorse. Genius is electricity darting from the clouds, and pulverizing every opposing obstacle. Good sense is a kindred fluid, conveying intelligence along the electric wire, breathing galvanic life into exanimate forms, and guiding commerce, with magnetic influence, across the watery waste. Good sense is a placid stream, never stagnant, seldom overflowing its banks, (and then for purposes of irrigation only,) and winding its way through a smiling champaign country. Its waters are “populous with gliding life,” and the cheerful green along its margin speaks eloquently of its vivifying agencies. Genius is a mountain torrent, dashing over abrupt precipices, seething in abysmal depths, and ploughing its frantic way through chasms which it finds or makes. Its cataracts, indeed, are arched with rainbow hues, and its thunders retorted from a thousand caves: but it carries desolation to the plains. Good sense is the ‘liquid blessing,’ descending in gentle dews, and refreshing showers. Genius the same element *congealed!* Beside some Alpine height, it presents a magnificent spectacle. It is seen from afar. Rumor reports of its sheen to distant lands. It is gilded with the first beams of the morning. The last fond rays of expiring day linger around its summit. A breath, however, disturbs its seeming deep repose. Its haughty crest is ruffled with the least vibrations of the surrounding atmosphere.—And rousing from its inaction, and grasping its glittering terrors, it starts into the *avalanche!* It thunders “with hideous ruin and combustion down,” down into the vale below; whelming and crushing, in its destructive course, rocks, and woods, and hamlets, and villages—the lowly structures of human hands, and the organic altitudes of nature.

Returning from this digression, which I trust will not be considered inappropriate, I renew my sketches, faint and feeble though they be, of the life and character of our departed friend. He was eminently endowed, by nature, with those tender sensibilities, those amiable qualities of heart and head, which adapt our natures to the endearing associations of domestic life. His happiness was broken in upon, however, and his household prospects darkened, by the repeated visitations of death. One by one, in quick succession, in the bloom of youthful loveliness, in the promise of opening manhood, eight sons and daughters out of a family of ten, and the dear partner of his bosom who had presented them to him as pledges of their mutual love, fell before the destroying angel. The labors of his public life, contributed, doubtless, to alleviate the sorrows thus occasioned. They necessarily withdrew him, for a

time, from the vicinity of the objects that recalled them. But, when released, by the adjournment of Congress, from his winter residence at Washington, he returned to his now desolate habitation, and saw the influence of Spring's reviving presence in the vegetable world around; when he beheld her pomp of groves, and garniture of fields—her flowers all fresh with childhood, himself childless; her newly awakened birds, “innocently opening their glad wings, fearless and full of life,” and caroling “their notes more sweet than words,” it is natural to suppose that in the anguish of his heart, “he turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring.” Time, “the comforter, and lenient healer when the heart hath bled,” and perhaps other consolations which we know not of, coming from him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, gradually restored him to his wonted cheerfulness. Other ties were formed, which contributed much to the solace of his declining age. After the lapse of a few revolving years, those ties, too, are broken, and in another bosom, in the bosom of his lonely and desolate consort, his second love, are renewed those pangs of survivorship, which had, so often, and so torturingly wrung his own.

The social relations of Judge White with the community in which he lived, were friendly, amiable, and engaging. His easiness of access, and cordiality of manner, and kindness of feeling, and fullness of philanthropy, justly endeared him to his neighbors, and imparted a character of relationship, to his most casual and transient associations. The same order, and method, and exactness reigned in his private transactions, which he carried into the administration of public affairs. Simple in his habits, and temperate in his diet, like the pensionary De Wit, he was careful of his health, and, when necessary, prodigal of his life. He was, likewise, in thorough possession of the secret, and practised upon it, too, on occasion, which enabled that great statesman to transact such an incredible amount, and variety, of business, viz: simply by doing one thing at a time. By reflection rather than from impulse, he was economical in his expenses, and unostentatious in his mode of living: yet his economy was as remote from avarice as from meanness. Charitable without ostentation, his alms were bestowed in the secrecy enjoined by Holy Writ, and on objects selected with discrimination. Long and extensive as had been his practice at the bar, he never coerced in a single instance, by legal process, the payment of his professional dues. Being informed, on one occasion, that he could secure a fee of one thousand dollars, by the timely institution of a suit, he referred to his invariable rule of action in like cases, and remarked that he was then too old to adopt new practices. Regular in his attendance on religious worship, he acted out in his conduct, rather than professed with his lips, the precepts and observances of the Gospel. Prudent in the management of his affairs, he was punctual in the payment of his debts; indeed, it may be said of him, I am informed, that he created no debts; complying with his contracts, and meeting his engagements, before they could fairly be said to have assumed that form. In this regard, he evinced his friendship for mechanics, and vendors of commodities in general, practically, and in a manner most profitable and acceptable to them. Of great sagacity and forecast, he never sacrificed future prospects to present gratifications; a quality more valuable than the patrimonial inheritance of thousands. Warm and constant in his friendships, it must be admitted, that he was strong and bitter in his enmities; especially when the latter were connected with the idea of unworthiness in their objects. Yet no man was more tolerant of opposition, when conducted with manly fairness, and waged with the weapons of legitimate warfare. His re-

lations with the community in which he lived were truly patriarchal. Such was the confidence reposed in his character, personal and political, that, whilst in the one, his word was as the bond of other men, his approbation in the other generally stamped an opinion as orthodox. To sum up his character in brief, he was an honest man, an invaluable citizen, an enlightened jurist, a pure patriot, a wise statesman, and altogether one of the most useful public servants of the age in which he lived.

This great and good man expired at his residence near Knoxville, on the 10th of April last in the 68th year of his age. His constitution, for several years, had been gradually yielding to the decays of time. But his end was probably hastened by the fatigue and exposure incident to his homeward journey, for the most part over bleak and elevated mountains, undertaken against the remonstrances of his friends, and accomplished during the most inclement season of the year. His strength and spirits are said, however, to have rallied somewhat, on his entrance into Tennessee. The evidences of attachment, deepened rather than diminished, which, with one or two disgusting exceptions, every where greeted his onward progress—the sound of cannon, reverberating among the hills, and thundering “deep-mouthed welcome as he drew near home,” could not but find responsive echoes in a bosom which next to its own inward sense of rectitude, coveted above all things earthly, the public approbation. Shortly after his return, however, symptoms of approaching dissolution were discerned. And, in a few brief weeks, his noble heart, one of the noblest that ever beat in a human bosom, was stilled forever! Would that he could have lived a little longer! Would that he could have headed the movement which, even now, is accomplishing the political regeneration of Tennessee! That he could have survived the coming of that event, which, to his fading vision, had already “cast its shadows before,” and which would have furnished indisputable evidence, that, in his virtual expulsion from the Senate, the wishes and sentiments of her citizens had been palpably misinterpreted! But this, it seems, was not reserved for him! Another of the innumerable evidences, spread all over the history of the past, that retributive justice belongs not to the dispensations of time—that earthly fame is fortune’s frail dependant!

Yet there lives.

A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
To whose all pondering mind, a noble aim
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed!”

Since death is inevitable by human care or skill, the departure of our venerable and venerated friend, is attended with circumstances of mitigation, which temper our sorrow for his loss. He had almost accomplished his allotted span of life—his three score years and ten were nearly completed. As he was full of years, so was he full of honors. The path of his progress through life, was strewn with the evidences of his usefulness. To those who come after him, he has left an example, which, pondered fittingly, is fruitful of instruction and altogether worthy of imitation. It is, indeed, an invaluable legacy to his country at large. It should especially be cherished by Tennessee; for he loved her well! His attachment for the union was a sentiment; a strong one, it is true, and founded on reflection of its benefits, and of the evils inevitably consequent on a disruption of its ties; yet still a sentiment only. But towards Tennessee, it was a *passion*. He loved her with a love deep, strong, passionate, and abiding. His heart was bound to her by ties which death only could dissolve. It was the chosen home of his adoption. It was consecrated by all those recollections which crowd and cluster around the do-

mestic fireside. It was the scene of his filial loves; his fraternal affections; his connubial felicities; his parental hopes, and joys. The bones of most of the loved objects, who stood towards him in the near and dear relations adverted to, lay mouldering beneath her soil. Tennessee, likewise, had treated him with the affection of a mother. She had smiled upon his opening manhood; advanced him in his riper years; sustained him in his declining age. Unasked, she had lavished upon him, all the honors within her gift. She would have elevated him to the highest within the gift of the nation. Well might a mutual love exist between them!

He is dead! but to the truly good man, death has no terrors. Exempted from all fears, whether of Time, or of Eternity, he looks back, without remorse, upon the irreversible past, and forward, without apprehension, into the inevitable future.

"Hope with her spire

Star-high, and pointing still to something higher,"

attends upon his death-bed. Such, let us trust, were the closing thoughts, and such the opening prospects, of our departed friend. Peace be to his remains! Consecrated and holy, the earth that encloses them. Green be the sod upon its surface! May the star-light dews distil upon it their selectest influences. May those prolific principles, those mysterious agencies, yet undivulged of science, which minister to vegetable life, imbue it with their choicest, their most verdant hues! And, at the Last Day, when his resuscitated body shall have flown to a reunion with the soul from which it was disjoined, may the incarnate spirit, purified from the corruptions of humanity, be remanded to a station on the right hand of the Majesty on High!



